



Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

Poor boy! no father's eye meets thine,
 No breast to sympathize, save mine;
 A trembling asp I stand alone,
 None to approve, if duty's done.
 Then, ah! no longer wonder why
 The widow's lonely heart should sigh.

DELIA.

THE BOY AND THE BUTTERFLY.

Translated from the French.

TWAS in a garden sweet and gay,
 A beauteous boy rov'd with delight,
 Before him in a rich display
 Of colours glittering in the ray,
 A butterfly attracts his sight.

From flower to flower the fickle thing
 In many a sportive ringlet flies,
 And seems so lovely on the wing,
 No weariness the chase can bring,
 Though vainly the pursuit he tries.

Now on a pink in balmy rest
 He hopes to make the prize his own;
 Now in a rose's fragrant breast
 He thinks its flight he shall arrest,
 But, lo! again the wanton's flown.

Yet still the chase no toil can bring;
 Though vainly the pursuit he tries;
 So tempting seems the lovely thing
 Thus seen at distance on the wing,
 Still glittering in his ardent eyes.

And now his hopes to tantalize,
 Behold it on a myrtle near!
 Next on a violet bank it lies—
 He steals and with his hat he tries
 To cover the gay flutterer here.

But all in vain each art and wile
 To catch the beauteous playful thing;
 Yet still he disregards his toil,
 Its beauties still his pains beguile,
 Thus seen before him on the wing.

At last the flutterer he espies,
 Half buried in a tulip's bell,
 He grasps the flower in glad surprise—
 Within his grasp the insect dies!—
 His vain regrets, his tears now tell.

Thus pleasure that gay butterfly,
 In prospect cheers the mind;
 But if too eagerly we clasp,
 It perishes within our grasp,
 And leaves a sting behind.

DELIA.

MELANCHOLY MOMENTS.

"O madam, there are moments in which
 we live years: moments that steal the roses

from the cheek of health, and plantest
 furrows in the brow of care."

WHEN jostling with a world of care,
 And struggling to sustain my part,
 At times a prey to black despair,
 I say, within this aching heart,
 "O that I had wings like a dove,
 Then would I flee away, and be at rest."

The freezing look by grandeur dealt,
 The cold salute of heartless pride,
 When, weakly sensitive, I've felt
 Within my wounded mind, I've cried
 "O that I had wings like a dove,
 Then would I flee away, and be at rest."

Or when neglect with blighting power,
 Has apathized the sinking heart,
 In that forlorn, deserted hour,
 I've cried, "O life with thee I'd part,
 "O that I had wings like a dove,
 Then would I flee away, and be at rest."

But, ah! when musing on the grave,
 Where those I love have sunk to rest,
 Distracted then in thought I rave,
 And sigh within this tortured breast,
 "O that I had wings like a dove,
 Then would I flee away, and be at rest."

Fancy with all her dreams has fled,
 To me the world has nought to give,
 Even hope within my heart is dead,
 Then wherefore should I wish to live?
 "O that I had wings like a dove,
 Then would I flee away, and be at rest."

Even now, my mental gloom redoubling,
 By care and grief at once oppressed—
 To "where the wicked cease from trou-
 bling,
 And the weary are at rest."
 "O that I had wings like a dove,
 There would I flee away, and be at rest."

DELIA.

SELECTED POETRY.

BY A PRISONER.

STRANGER, whoe'er thou art, whose
 restless mind,
 Like me, within these walls, is cribb'd,
 confin'd;
 Learn how each want that heaves our mu-
 tual sighs,
 A woman's soft solicitude supplies.
 From her white breast, retreat all rude a-
 larms;
 Or fly the magic circle of her arms,

While souls exchang'd, alternate grace acquire,
And passions catch from passions, mutual fire.

What tho' to deck this roof no arts combine,
Such forms as rival ev'ry fair but mine,
No nodding plumes our humble couch above,
Proclaim each triumph of unbounded love;
No silver lamp, with sculptur'd cupids gay,
O'er yielding beauty pours its midnight ray;
Yet fancy's charms could time's slow flight beguile,
Sooth ev'ry cart, and make this dungeon smile;
—In her, what kings—what Saints have wish'd is given—
Her heart is empire—and her smile is heaven.

LINES FROM TIBULLUS TRANSLATED.

Illam, quid quid agit, quo quo vestigia
vertit,
Componit furtim, sub-sequiturque decor;
Seu solvit crines, fuse decet esse capillos
Seu compsit, comptis est veneranda comis;
Urit, seu tyria voluit procedere palla,
Urit, seu nivea, candida veste venit,
'Talis in æterno felix Vertumnus Olympo,
Mille habet ornatus, mille decenter habet.

TRANSLATION.

Where'er her eye, where'er her step she bends,
Composure softens, majesty attends.
Do her loose tresses sport in wavy gold?
What grace appears in ev'ry wanton fold?
Do circling braids her captive looks entwine,
What heavenly charms, in each soft ringlet shine?
Behold her move in purple state attir'd,
All eyes are ravish'd, and all hearts are fir'd.
See her, in vests of virgin whiteness, rove,
And ev'ry burning bosom melts to love.
Thus, though a thousand forms Vertumnus wear,
In every form a thousand charms appear.

WORDS OF THE FAVORITE MOUNTAIN SONG OF THE SWISS, "RETOUR DES VACHES."

QUAND reverrai je en un jour,
Tous les objets de mon amour?

Nos claires ruisseaux,
Nos coteaux,
Nos hameaux,
Nos montagnes?
Et l'ornemens des nos campagne?
La, si gentil le sabeau,
A l'ombre d'un ormeau,
Quand danserai je au son du chalumeau?
Quand reverrai je en un jour,
Tous les objets de mon amour?

Mon Pere,
Ma Mere,
Mon Frere,
Ma Sœur,
Mes Agneaux,
Mes 'Troupeaux,
Ma Bergere,
Quand reverrai je en un jour,
Tous les objets de mon amour?

AN EPISTLE TO A FRIEND IN TOWN.

BY DYER, AUTHOR OF THE "FLEECES."

HAVE my friends in the town, in the gay busy town
Forgot such a man as J. Dyer?—
Or heedless despise they, or pity the clown,
Whose bosom no pageantries fire.
No matter—no matter—content in the shades
(Contented?—why ev'ry thing charms me.)
Fall in tunes all adown the green steep, ye cascades,
'Till hence rigid virtue alarms me.
'Till outrage arises, or misery needs
The swift the intrepid avenger,
'Till sacred religion, or liberty bleeds,
Then mine be the deed, and the danger.
Alas! what a folly!—what wealth and dominion
We keep up in sin and in sorrow;
Immense is the toil, yet the labour how vain!
Is not life to be over—to morrow?
Then glide on my moments, the few that I have,
Smooth-shaded, and quiet, and even:
While gently the body descends to the grave,
And the spirit arises to heaven.

EPICRAM

ON SEEING A FRENCH WATCH ROUND
THE NECK OF A BEAUTIFUL YOUNG
WOMAN.